AROUND THE WHIST TABLE. DATES OF THE EASTERN MATCHES FOR THE CHALLENGE TROPHY.

Frivate Conventions and the Common-bense Game As Illustration of the Invitation Oame Solution of the Perception Prob-less-The Whist Cinb's Pine New Home. It is now definitely settled that the Eastern ies of matches for the challenge trophy will and on Feb. 13, and the Whist Club of New York and on the last challenger. THE SUN is indebted in president Barney for the following official mation with regard to the matches and the midwinter meeting: When New York was cheduled to play on Feb. 6, the prior shallenge of the New Jersey White Club had been overlooked. It appears that when this club forfeited the match to New Yark last October, it did so with the understanding that it should take its place at the bettom of the list as a new challenger. This pare it precedence over New York, as the latter challenged after the Narragansett match, seek later. The dates now are: Columbia Athletic Club, yesterday; New Jersey Whist Ciab, next Saturday: New York Whist Club, Feb. 13, and the midwinter meeting between the East and the West, Feb. 20. This leaves fear challenges to head the list if the trophy comes East after the match-Narragansett, ton Duplicate, Hamilton, and Park.

Nothing has yet been settled with regard to the midwinter meeting, but it will probably be held on Feb. 20 at Detroit, Toledo, or Buffalo, The St. Paul Club, which will represent the West, prefers Detroit for the trophy match, and that selection will probably carry the excentive meeting with it. It was at one time thought that the midwinter meeting would be emitted altogether, but President Barney says that would necessitate giving to a committee ere absolute power to make arrangements for menent congress than has ever been placed in to hands. President Barney thinks it would be very unwise to umit the meeting, especially account of the radical changes propose is the method of play at the next congress.

PRIVATE CONVENTIONS. Several correspondents have asked THE SU

If the system which was explained last Sunday is to be used in connection with American leads, or with the trump-showing leads, and also how is proposed to call through an honor turned. The common-sense game looks upon all such private conventions as trump-showing leads, calling through honors, and showing number it suit as utterly useless and contrary to the true mirit of the game, tending only to spoil it. The use of private conventions in whist has

secome a disease, the bacilli of which are more numerous in some clubs than in others. It is very difficult to get some persons to understand that all private conventions at whist are on a par with marked cards, and of use only so long as they are imperfactly understood by the ad-When the opponents can read the secret signals as well as you can, the advantage entirely disappears. All such systems of play as trump-showing leads and the Howell game yield a slight percentage of advantage so long is a she adversaries do not understand the occult meaning attached to the play of certain cards. Once they are familiar with the grips and passwords of the enemy the system is worse than teriess; at least that is the experience of nine-tents of the experts who have favored The Sunwith the results of their observations while exercisenting with its

tecless; at least that is the experience of nine-tenths of the experts who have favored The Sun with the results of their observations while experimenting with it.

It is not so many moons since one of the most famous teams in this country went about with a rarl on which was printed about twenty private conventions. This was handed to their prospective victime a few minutes before play began, and whether the came was for a trophy is was pleasant after-dinner affair ata friendly gith the marked cards were used, and all the griss and passwords of the secret organization were employed. One of the most prominent men in Brooklyn, an enthusiastic whist player, who entertained this particular team at his club one evening, and thought more of the dinier he save them than of the game that followed, told a friend that when he realized what was going on, and puiled out the card that had ben handed to him before the play began. The feltas if something had crawled over him."

As already stated in these articles, there is only one cure for this evil; only one way to stop this includent card sharping at the whist table, and that is to insist that the persons using any private system of play, or attaching to any cards an occult meaning, shall announce orally the interpretation to be put upon the play at the time it is made. There can then be no charge of four hay, serret telegraphy, or undue advantage, and it will not be necessary to take your partner into an adjoining room to ask him what we can of card-sharping he prefers. If you follow the teaching of "Whist of To-day," and use the queen, nine, and eight as absolute cailing rards, you need not whisper it to your nartner before the game begins. Just play the pine, and say out loud: "Least trumps, partner." Your adversaries will at least give you credit for honesty, if not for intelligence. If a gambler with

refore the game begins. Just play the nine, and say out foud: "Lead trumps, partner." Your salversaries will at least give you credit for honesty, if not for intelligence. If a gambler with a pack of marged cards were compelled to call out the denomination of each card as he dealt it he would probably call for a square deck after the or two deals; if some of our convention-ridden whist players were obliged to call out the meaning of their private signals they would soon get sick of the whole thing, and frankly recognize it for the fraud that it is.

THE INVITATION GAME.

There are some forms of invitation that depend more on one's confidence in the partner's intelligence than on anything else. There are many lands in which you might be very glad if the trumps were all out of your way, but do not feel yourself justified in so playing as to induce your partner to take any chances in leading them. In following out the system outlined last sunday a player will naturally find many hands which seem to offer very little choice between a supporting card and a long suit. The old-slyle game was to "run" with the long suit, making what tricks you could, and then submitting to the inevitable. This may be all very well in straight which, where the first consideration with a weak hand is to save the game; but in duplicate while there is life there is hope, and many a good suit is brought in simply by keepled it quiet until the preliminary skirmish has cleared the field.

The most difficult hands are those which con-THE INVITATION GAME.

hand a good and is brought in simply by keeping it quet until the preliminary skirmish has cleared the field.

The most difficult hands are those which contain no sard which can be properly understood by the partner, or which contain a good suit of which it is improbable, but still possible, that something may be made. Take this hand, heart 0 turned: H-Q; C-J, Q, 3; D-10, 9, 8; S-A, K, Q, J, 10, 9. But for the absence of any possible card of reshry, the player might show its suit once and then lead the single trump, which is the card of reshry, the player might show its suit once and then lead the single trump. Should be chance the reshry and lead the trump queen, what would he do if it won?

The form of invitation usually adopted with such hands is to show the suit, and then lead the supporting card. An intelligent partner will see at once that there is no card of reshry but in the suit ised, and will be governed accordingly. Here is how the hand was actually played; A-B are partners against Y-Z. Z dealt and turned the heart 9. The underlined card wins the trick, and the card under it is the next one led.

TRICK,	A	Y	В	z
1	K 4	3 4	5.	2 .
2	A J	A A	4 4	42
3	8.0	AO	20	70
4	9.0	40	KO	10
ŏ,	2 Q	♥ 6	02	72.4
g	4.9	4 5	93	47
I	10.0	0.8	OK	OA
Bernouse	9 4	46	6 4	7 6
0	43	48	07	410
0	10.6	40	OJ.	Ø 5
11	J .	30	V 10	9 9
12	Q.	6 0	8 .	4 .
13	A .	Qo	50	. K

A Buint a tricks. A Bwin's a triess.

Trick 1 A must play his hand on the assumption that it will not be good for anything until the trumps are out of its way; but he cannot have his partner to exhaust them, and must warn him that he has no cards of regetry. He uses no number-showing leads, and his partner begins no signals. All such conventionalities are quite superfluous in this style of game.

Trick 3 With his weak rumps Y did not feel himself justified in underplaying the diamonds, Had he done so. B would have put the king on second hand and led the trumps, because he knows A has no possible trick in diamonds ner in clubs.

Trick 5 Partner having conference.

Trick 5 Partner having confessed weakness, Bdoes not show the exact number of his trumps: It is sufficient for A to know that B can well afford to lead them, even with all the diamonds

affort to leaf them, even with all the diamonds against him.

Trick S - The only hope for another trick is that Y has another tromp and no spade.

Trick D - A's only chance, for his sout is still exactly what it was before a card was played; nothing, until the trumps are all out of his way. Thanks to Y's informatory leads, he can count him for three diamonds and two clubs. Z has no more diamonds, but holds the spade four and the two clubs which Y does not hold. This clearly marks H with the odd trump, and A's best chance is that it will be able to catch both Z strumps, and then lead a spade.

A makes four tricks in his spade suit by waiting until it is ripe. The ending, which is pretty, is made possible by the informatory system of leading adopted by the a system which has never gained a trick that of sained a free that could not have been made thout it, but has lest millions. When the old-style, long-suit, American-lead

players got hold of this hand they got only one trick out of the spade suit and succeeded in dropping four on the hand altogether. Here is

TRICK.	A	Y	8	2
1	1.	3 •	8.	2 .
2	K .	♥ 6	5 .	4 .
3	80	30	50	10
£	9.	♥8	8.	7.
S	90	AO	20	70
8	100	40	KO	04
	43	A A	44	42
	OQ	80	72	0 5
	4 3	4.5	03	47
	40	46	OK	OA
1	10 .	48	07	4 K
•	Q.	♣·Q	Ql	0 9
3	A .	Qo	Ø10	410

A-B wins six tricks, losing four.

A-B wins six tricks, losing four.

Trick 1-A uses the old-style number-showing leads, beginning with the jack from the quart major. Those who still believe in American leads have patched this lead up by beginning with the queen, so that there shall be no mistake about the leader's holding the ace.

Trick 2-The fall of the 2 and 3 prevent A from guessing at the signal, so he goes on, following the jack with the king to show six cards in the suit. If the adversaries have been holding up the ace, the king following the jack means five cards only. When this informatory but wooden system is used, partner has to do a lot of guessing, but everything is quite clear to the adversaries.

Trick 3-Y underplays his suit to get his partner in to give him another ruff. As the cards lie, Z would have won the first round in either diamonds or clubs. B, in this instance, has not received the necessary encouragement from his partner to make him put up his king second hand.

Talck 5-Having got all that was possible out the ruff. Y proceeds to run for his life. The fall of the diamonds shows that Z can have neither 10 nor K, so Y gives him a force.

Trick 7-Z thinks he might make things lively by overtrumping B if Y could get in to lead another diamond. With all the trumps to hear from, and two signals on his left, Y is not finessing anything.

OUR PROBLEMS.

OUR PROBLEMS.

Out of eighty-four attempts, only one person solved the perception problem published on Jan. 17, J. B. Eiweil of Brooklyn. Solvers were asked to give the possible interences for Sat the end of the third trick. Here they are:

The only possible division of the club suit is that A has the major tenace with the ten, for if E had held either tenace with the ten he would have covered. N's clubs were therefore A Q 10 2. E's were K J 6 5 4 3, and W had the S alore, unless he was calling for trumps, which it is evident from the first trick in spades that he was not.

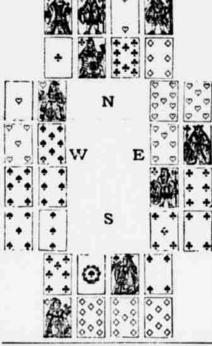
Nevidently has spade jack, for if he has no more spades he must have had four diamonds or five trumps; and if he had five trumps or four diamonds to an honor, he would never have led away from a double major tenace suit.

The missing deuce of trumps shows that N is echoing with four. As W does not cover see-

four diamonds to an honor, he would never have led away from a double major tenace suit.

The missing deuce of trumps shows that N is echoing with four. As W does not cover second hand he cannot have three honors in trumps: therefore. N and W must have two honors each, and they must be the tenaces. As W has the queen turned, he must hold the major tenace, and N must have the minor tenace, E having no honor. This marks the trumps in each hand as: K J 4 2 with N, A Q 5 3 with W, and 9 8 76 with E.

This shows that N would not lead trumps because he had minor tenace and queen was turned. He did not lead the diamonds because he had only three cards in the suit, and he did not lead the supporting spade because he had a card of reëntry for his clubs, and that card must be the diamond soe. E therefore has no more spades, but holds two diamonds, while W has five spades and the remaining two diamonds. In the actual game, S led his king and smallest diamond, the deuce and lack failing from W; the 3 and 5 from E. N is then in the lead, and the position of every card being known, the end game resolves itself into a problem at double dummy, with hearts trumps, problem at double dummy, with hearts trumps N to lead.



What is the best line of play for N and S and the best defence for E and W? The names of those sending the best solutions will be pub-lished on Feb. 14. CLUB NOTES

Whist is enjoying a decided boom in New York and its vicinity this year. The New Jerser Whist League is full of business, with several matches on hand every week; the Brooklyn clubs have several special tournaments, besides their compass whist and interclub, and in New York there has been a revival which reminds one of the old Cherry Diamond days. The duplicate whist matches at 'the Knickerbocker are steadily gaining in attendance on Tuesday evenings, and every table at the New York Whist Club is occupied every afternoon. The ladies are not behind, either in New York or Brooklyn, and all their whist clubs are getting new members every week, and seem as well able to manage their tournaments as the men. Whist players usereally are rejoicing to see that whist is at last on a substantial footing in New York city. When the Whist Club moves into its own house at 11 West Thirty-sixth street, this city will be able to boast one of the finest clubs in the world devoted exclusively to whist. From a membership of forty less than a year ago, with only a resided in membership until it has now nearly 150 names on its books, including all the experts in the city, and many of the finest olayers in Baitimore, Philadelphia, Hoston, Providence, Brooklyn, and Washington. The prosperity of the club has been largely due to the efforts of the management to encourage those who follow whist as an intellectual amusement, and to whom a stake is a secondary consideration, or even objectionable, Experience has shown that the most successful clubs are those in which everything is done to stimulate competition among the members by means of compass whist matches, in which the record of earn player is preserved, the names of those keeping near the top being posted on the builtetin hoard, and prizes being offered for the high scores. The varying abilities of the players are adjusted by means of handicape, and the rivairy is sometimes very keen. The New York Club will have special rooms for duplicate and compass whist in its new quarters, and ev

MOTHERS AND MOTHERS. THEY MEET TO CONSIDER BOOKS

Mrs. Van Klevver, Not a Mother, Goes as the Quest of Mrs. Oldband, a Mother by Adoption, and Encounters Mrs. Wise-ners, Who Was a Mother, but Isn't. It was the day of the mothers' meeting. Mrs. Oldhand, the new member, had asked and received permission to bring her friend, Mrs. Van Klevver of New York. Mrs. Oldhand, as a capdidate for the Presidency of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, commanded consideration. Also, the President of the Mothers' Club thrilled with pride at the thought of officiating before a woman from New York. Pride was one of the things which she often denounced at

FOR THE CHILDREN.

the mothers' meetings.

Mrs. Oldhand was rather a unique figure among the other members of the club. She had been admitted on peculiar grounds. She wasn't a regular mother; in fact, she wasn't a mother at all. She was only a sort of a prospective mother by adoption. In order to further her Oldhand had signified her intention of successively sampling some orphans from a home which was conducted by club women of the State. This was the little scheme which had brought Mrs. Oldhand among the mothers.

As she and Mrs. Van Klevver drew on their gloves before the fire there was a thoughtful expression on Mrs. Oldhand's face.

"I'll tell you what I think I'll do," she said, "I think I'll go by the book store on our way to the meeting and buy a few books for children. Don't you think it would make a good impres-sion at the club? Sort of look as if I had serious ideas on the matter, don't you know?"

Mrs. Van Klevver agreed that it was a good

plan, so she and Mrs. Oldhand went by the book store on their way. There was a goodly attendance at the club. With one or two exceptions, maternity was evidently no loke to the members. They had an air of responsibility and of solemnity. The meeting was opened with prayer, quite a good deal of prayer. In the course of the recapitulation, which passed for a prayer, but was really an announcement for the benefit of Mrs. Oldhand and Mrs. Van Klevver, the lady stated that they had often told the Lord how deeply they felt the responsibility of the sacred duties of motherhood, and that the object of the club was such a worthy one that it was hardly necessary to ask His blessing on it. Nevertheless, she did ask it as a matter of form and a convenient way of winding up her prayer For a while it looked as if the petition had become unmanageable and wouldn't let itself be ended; but, with the assistance of the blessing. it was brought to a close amid a general murmur, which professed to be an amen, but was really relief.

As soon as the prayer had been conquered. the President announced as the subject for discussion; "What Shall We Read to Our Children ?" Mrs. Oldhand and Mrs. Van Klevver gave each other a satisfied glance. Mrs. Old-hand estentatiously spread out her purchases on the chair next to her. As she did so a lady rose to read a paper. She was a thin and weazened woman. Her bonnet was heavy with jet, and her shoes were so square toed that they sloped backward to her heels, giving you a queer impression that they were fastened by the wrong end to her bony aukles. The subject of her paper was: "The Demoralizing Fairy Tale." It was a fine paper. The multiplication table isn't any more accurate than that paper was.

Fairy tales are not true. Therefore they are lies. It is wicked to lie. Therefore it is wicked to read fairy tales to children. Nothing could be plainer. Santa Claus does not exist. To say that he comes down the chimney on Christmas eve is to deceive. Deception must be discouraged in children. Is it discouraging deception to set an example by repeating fables in which there is no truth? "What will the guilty mother say when she looks into the accusing eyes of her child and hears the voice of the young judge declaring his arraignment of her for the violation of truth? What, I say, will she reply when he sternly demands the vindication of her honor? the proof of her integrity? Away, once and for all, with these trivial, sentimental freaks of fancy! No more fabulous fairy tales! Put an end to silly Santa Claus!"

Mrs. Van Klevver and Mrs. Oldhand stirred somewhat unessily. The woman went on.

"And what excuse can any intelligent mother give for feeding her child's mind on such stuff us the Mother Goose tales are made of? With their hey-diddle-diddles, and their hickory-dickory-docks, and their ding-dong-bells! This is fine food for a growing intellect, is it not?"

Mrs. Van Klevver leaned toward Mrs. Oldhand and whispered in her ear:

"Does the woman expect babies to begin talking in words of four syllables instead of da-da and goo-goo?"

"And then," continued the woman with the paper. "we—that is to say, less thoughtral women than, I trust, the members of this club are—supplement Mother Goose with such creations cation of her honor? the proof of her integrity?

supplement Mother Goose with such creations as 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking Glass.' Imagine setting a serious-minded child to reading 'Jabberwocky!' The minded child to results
idea is revolting."

Mrs. Van Klevver leaned toward Mrs. Old-

hand again.

"If that woman keeps on much longer," she won't be responsible for the re

something like 'very;' that the thing was 'very foolish.' He seemed satisfied and went on with his reading. The next day he climbed into my lap and put his arms around my neck and then he said:
"'Oh mamma' Llove you damped "moch!"

his reading. The next day he climbed into my lap and put his arms around my neck and then he said:

"Oh, mamma! I love you damned much!"
"Now." pursued the slipshod woman easily, what ought I to have done?"
"Explained to him the sin of swearing," asid Mrs. Wiseacre promptly.
"Well, it wasn't so easy as you'd think. He asked me why he couldn't say damned just as well as very, and when I said it was wicked, he wanted to know why."
"Because it's swearing," said Mrs. Wiseacre. Hut what makes it swearing?"
"Because it's a wicked word."
"Humph! It's wicked because it's swearing. and it's swearing because it's wicked. That may be logical, but it didn't convince Harold. He promptly reminded me that it was in the Bible, and altogether I came off rather lamely."
"Almost as lamely as if you had let him read Mother Goose instead of the newspaper!" asked the mother of the six-months-old baby.
"Almost," said the slipshod woman, with a twinkle in her eye.
"Tell me why," asked Mrs. Oldhand, "you think the police reports are better reading for flive-year-old children than the good old fairy tales we used to love?"
"It is the true and the real," pompously re-

tales we used to love?"

"It is the true and the real," pompously replied Mrs. Wiseacre, "against the false and the

piled Mrs. Wissacre, "against the false and the romantic."
"Or," said Mrs. Oldhand, "the ugly and the low against the beautiful and the elevated."
Mrs. Wissacre was silent for a moment, and before she had recovered herself the President called them to order once more. There was a business meeting on hand, and Mrs. Oldhand and Mrs. Van Klevver slipped out very soon. They were silent for a white. Then they looked at each other and laughed.
"I'm so glad you're in that club," said Mrs. Van Klevver at last.
"Miss Sarcasm!"
"No. I'm in earnest. If ever a club needed you that one does! My heart would ache for the children of those women if I didn't think that some of them laid aside their theories at the close of the meeting and became just what they ought to be, real, old-fashioned mothers!
God bless 'em!'
Another silence of a few minutes. Then:

hey ought to be, real, few minutes. Then:

Another silence of a few minutes. Then:

"How many children has Mrs. Wiseacre?"

"Well, she did have three.

"Why do you say 'did'?"

"Well, the last one died a few months ago."

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

It Was Tobago, Near Trinidad, and Not Juan Fernandez. A late despatch in the newspapers throughout

the country refers to a reported sinking of Juan Fernandez and to this Island as the fabled homof Robinson Crusoe. A later despatch says that the Government of Chili has decided hereafter to call Juan Fernandez Crusoe's Island. It takes but a moment to show that Juan Fer

nandez is not Crusoe's Island. The story Defoe first published in 1719 tells just where Crusoe's island lies. The hero was on his way from Brazil to Guiana when the hurricane wrecked him and cast him on a lonely coast. It was near the mouth of the Orinoco.

"The master made an observation as well a he could," said Crusoe, " and found that he was in about 11" north latitude, but that he was 22 of longitude further west from Cape St. Augustine: so that he found he was upon the coast of Guiana, on the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, toward that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River, and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil. I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the seacoast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for

concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Caribbee Islands, and we there-fore resolved to stand away for Harbadoes." Again, says Defoe, towards the end of the tale in reference to the tide about his island: "lafterward understood it was occasioned by the great draught and reflux of the mighty river Orthogo, in the mouth of which river, as I found the great draught and reflux of the mighty river Orinoco, in the mouth of which river, as I found afterwards, our island lay, and that this island, which I perceived to be west and northwest was the great island Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river. I asked Friday a thousand questions about the country, the inhabitants, the sea, the coast, and what nations were near. He told me all he knew with the greatest openness imaginable. I asked him the names of the several nations of his sort of people, but could get no other name than Caribs, I easily understood that these were the Caribbees, which our maps piace on the part of America which reaches from the mouth of the Orinoco to Guiana, and onward to St. Martha.

This disposes of the fiction that Juan Fernan.

mouth of the Orinoco to Guiana, and onward to St. Martha."

This disposes of the fiction that Juan Fernandez, on the other side of South America, is Robinson Crusoe's island. Crusoe's island is in reality Tobago, the more southerly of the Windward group of British West Indian islands. It is twenty utiles northeast from Trinidad, and is twenty-six miles long and seven and one-half at its greatest breadth. To-day it has a capital, Scarborough, with nearly 2,000 inhabitants.

Tobago is not wanting in a legend of a castaway, an original of Robinson Crusoe, for in the "History of Tobago." by Chief Justice Woodcock, we find an account of a solitary Frenchman who said he had lived there alone twenty-one years.

man who said he had lived there alone years.

Two men have at different times lived for years quite alone on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili. One was an Indian who was left there in 1081, and rescued in 1084, whose adventures the buccaneer, Capt. Pampier, describes in his "New Yoyage Round the World," The other was the celebrated Alexander Selkirk, who was found by Capt. Woodes Rogers, and by who was found by Cant. Woodes Rogers, and by him taken from theisland in 1709, after a solitary life of four years and four months. After Selkirk's arrival in London in was much written about and talked of. His experiences inspired Cowper when he wrote his beautiful verses beginning. 'I am monarch of all I survey.' Defoe's Robinson Crusce enjoyed adventures that bear a striking resemblance to both the Indian's and Scotchman's experiences as detailed by their rescuers. With Selkirk Crusce has been especially identified, and a late writer of the life of Defoe even relates the legend of a visit of the true-born Englishman to Selkirk at Bath

PRETTY JONESOME WORK, That of the Lighthouse Keepers Along From the Florida Times Union. More ship's bones lie upon the outer reel

girdling the keys of South Florida than perhaps upon any other shoals, excepting Hateras, in this country. Capt. Thomas S. Eells, agent of the Lloyds in this city, has a record of shipwrecks on the coast of Florida for many years, and the aggregate of losses foots up sur prisingly high in the millions or dollars.

The strait of Florida has long been an ocean highway for steamers and sailing ships bound rom foreign and domestic ports to New Orleans, Central, and South America. In fact the outlet of the great Gulf of Mexico, surrounded by rich and fertile countries, has been this parrow strait between the keys and Cuba, through which the Gulf Stream passes. Consequently, it is not surprising that in this narrow strait, the cauldron where the West Indian burricanes generate, with its concealed rects of cruel coral, thousands of vessels have ended their careers, and more than thousands of men have lost their lives. Few sailors pass through the strait now without being reminded of the brave men and the brave ships whose skeletons whiten the sands beneath the surface of the limbid green waters, and some of them, as they watch the storm toud fly across the moon and listen to the moan of the reef buoy minufing with the creaking of the spars of the ship, perhaps have good ground to believe that this place is haunted by demons of the deep and the souls of dead comrades.

It is no wonder that the inhabitants of the keys, the "Conches," have grown rich in wrecking. In these latter days, however, there are fewer wrecks in the strait than there were some years ago, for Uncle Sam has marked the contour of the dangerous hidden reef with a fine system of lighthouses, each with a light of separate and distinct character, so that the warfner may know how to shape his course in the blackest and stormlest of nights.

The job of lighthouses keeper is about the loneliest way of making a living in the catalogue of occupations. The mental strain has proven so great in several instances that the keeper grew melancholy to such a degree that he ended it by blowing out his brains. The system is now so arranged that the sudden darkening of an important reef lamp by a suicide's builet is not probable, for two keepers are stationed in each light for company's sake as well acite guard against sickness.

These two keepers of the key lights for two months on a stretch seidom see any faces except their own and converse with nobody except their own and converse with nobody. The lighthouses are on an average, t ended their careers, and more than thousands of men bave lost their lives. Few sailors

GOLD DUST FROM THE SKIES

AN OLD MINER'S TREORY AS TO ONE OF ITS SOURCES. He Gives His Reasons for Belleving That

Pineer Gold Comes to the Earth as Me-teoric Dust-How Nuggets Are Made. From the Seattle Part-Intellig At a meeting held Thursday night of the Seattle Mining Bureau a paper was read by Peter L. Trout, a mining man of large experience, which contains some nevel theories concerning the origin of the placer mines in British Columbia and Alaska. It is, of course, the general belief that where the flaky gold is found n the beds of creeks, there must of necessity be quarts further back, from which the little nuggets and flakes were worn and washed away. Mr. Trout says he has another theory, and i comes from ripe experience. The gold comes from the skies. Mr. Trout's paper follows:

"At our last meeting I consented to read a paper on my experiences in Alaska, but did not intend to give any detailed account of what happened to me in that country, and were it not that I found gold under very peculiar and extraordinary circumstances I would not have thought there was anything in it worth telling, as with this singular exception there is nothing in the trip to which I can look back with any degree of satisfaction or pleasure.

"Among the properties that gold possesses one, it seems, is that of being just where it ought not to be, and in many cases being in places where reason, common sense and scientific research have declared that it is impossible for it to be. And on the other hand, where reason, common sense, and scientific research have declared that it is, is very likely to prove to be the place where it is not.

"So often have I seen in my own experience examples of this condition of things that I have long since believed; that all that is written about where gold may be found and where t may not be found is not worth the paper on which it has been written, as my own experience has furnished exceptions to every statement that I have ever read on the subject. Of all that has been written or said in regard to gold there is nothing more universally be lieved than that placer gold, or the gold found in creeks, comes out of quartz veins. In all my experience. I have not seen anything in print that even casts the shadow of a doubt on the truth of this theory, for theory is as good a name as it deserves,

"During the last ten years I have always main tained that the placer gold in British Columbia gid not come out of quartz veins, or, if any, only a very small portion of it. Whenever I made any statement of this sort i was at once caked, if it did not come out of quartz veins, where did it come from? To which I have often very bluntly replied. How do you suppose I know? I have learned to think this from dear experience. I have seen a creek rich in gold, and have spent time and money looking for quartz that the gold in the creek must have come from. In every instance it was time and money wasted, and still worse, in one instance when I was surreaded to go on one of these fool errands an opportunity was missed that would have made me some thousands of dollars richer. But all the time and money that I have lost looking for quartz veins that supplied the gold to the creeks is nothing compared with what others have lost. I know of fyrtunes and lives that have been wasted in this vain search. Others who might have been wealthy have gone down to their graves in the decreet powers down to their graves in the decreet powers that they supposed supplied the gold to the creeks.

"Now, for many years I have firmly believed." only a very small portion of it. Whenever the creeks.
"Now, for many years I have firmly believed

veits that they supposed surplied the gold to the creeks.

"Now, for many years I have firmly believed that gold found in the creeks of tritish Columbia did not come from quartz veins, but during my trip to Alaska during the last sumer my views on this matter received a remarkable, confirmation, as I found gold under circumstances that any one will say could not possible wave come from quartz veins, unless they were up in the skyr and I believe that if I can show that there is even a possible way in which the gold in British Columbia came into the creeks without coming from quartz veins I shall be doing the mining community a very great service. This I propose to do, and have committed some of them to manuscript, which I will take great pleasure is reading to you.

"Those of you who have seen Prof. Winchell's geo.oxical maps will have noticed that in his map of this continent during the Eozolo period a great ocean rolled over what is now these Pacific States, and the only land above water was a part of California and a few long islands that stretched northward where the Pacific coast now is. And in another map of the country at the beginning of the carboniferous age those long slands stretched much further to the north and nearly inclosed a vast body of water that he called the Cordilleran Ocean, which covered the country between what is now the coast and the Rocky Mountains. This rance of meuntains that at that time stretched along the coast still exists, though in some places they have sunken beneath the ocean level and now afford us a sheltered passage between here and Juneau. They first appear again at the southern point of the penisula of Lower California.

"These maps may be tolerably correct and they may not, but enough is known to make it certain that at one time a great body of salt

"These maps may be tolerably correct and they may not, but enough is known to make it certain that at one time a great body of salt water covered the country between the Cascade and the Rocky Mountains. A still later map shows the Cascade Mountains to have risen and the great Cordilleran ocean to be only represented by some large bodies of salt water that in detached bodies covered the greater part of the State of Utah, and the greater parts of castern Oregon and eastern Washington. The last remnan, of the mighty Cordilleran ocean is now drying up in the State of Utah and is called the Great Salt Lake, and it seems to me perfectly reasonable to infer that the same fate that has befallen the sea of Ctah and is called the Great Salt lake, and it seems to me berfectly reasonable to Infer that the same fate that has betallen the seathat once covered the greater part of the States of Utah has also been the fate of that still larver sea that once covered the eastern parts of the States of Oregon and Washington.

"We have learned from composent authority that a ton of sea water, or little more that a cubic yard, contains about a grain of gold. The next question now in order is, what became a succession of the sea water contained after the cost that the sea water that cover has dried up, as gold is one of the simples and bracticuly indestructible, and the form most likely in which it would be found is those aimost inference of the season of the season

but about a quarter of a mile from the base of the mountain I came to a precipice about 100 feet is height. Below was a muddy lake with trees lying in every imaginable shape, some with their roots up and several hanging from the top of the precipice by their roots, with their tops down. I soon discovered that the precipice was ail ice and extended for several miles along the base of the mountain. I spent altogether about three weeks prospecting along a range of foothills that lie about half way between the main range and the ocean. These foothills are two or three thousand feet high, and between them and the main range is a glacier several miles in width. I thoroughly exmined the rock that those foothills were made of, but found nothing of any value in the way of mineral. I examined the creeks, but could not find the slightest indication of gold. I then examined the rocks on the Fairweather glacier, where specimens can be seen of all that the mountains contain, but found nothing, and after I examined a long red ridge about seven miles away on the glacier I declared that if the problem of where the ruby sand came from was left to me it would remain unsolved forever.

"I gave it up and went to work washing the sands on the beach. After about two months I determined to pay Mt. Fairweather a cisit, which involves a journey of fifteen miles or more across a glacier. After I had get about half way a ross the rocks and stones disappeared and the glacier looked like a great frozen lake. That same black veil covered a considerable part of it that I had seen on the Brady glacier, but I noticed that it was not as black as it appeared at a distance, and that it consisted principally of ruby sand, exactly like what I had seen on the beach. With some difficulty I gathered up about a quart of it and washed it in the gold can, and there I found about twenty colors, exactly like those found on the beach.

"The problem was now solved. I had found where the ruby sand came from an health of the lits and come from the tops, and it

FISHING IN THE PROZEN LAKES. How the Pinny Game Is Captured with

From the Chicago Record. HULBERT, Mich., Jan. 22,-The winter fishing season has begun, and the ice in the northern part of Lake Michigan is dotted here and there with the huts of the fishermen. One of the most successful of those who inveigle the trout from his home beneath the Straits of Mackinac fe Del Avery of St. Ignace, Throughout the scason of navigation Mr. Avery is a sub-marine diver, but when the ice "maker" and be can no longer carry on his amphibious occupation he takes his spear or his book and line and goes in quest of the Mackinsc trout, alias great lake trout, alias lake salmon, alias namayoush, alias lunge, alias other things.

This finny game has almost as many names as a noted criminal, and is sometimes about as difficult to catch. Many a fisherman will tell you that a certain knack is required in catching him a knack that Mr. Avery seems to have mastered to perfection. Perhaps in the course; of his submarine labors he has made the acquaintance of the fish and learned all their secrets, the kind of balt that is most at-

their secrets, the kind of bait that is most attractive to them, and the surest way of deceiving them into thinking that a Limerick hook is easily digestible.

Another man who is not so lucky tells how he once fished all day and caught nothing, while Mr. Avery, at another hole in the ice only a short distance away, pulled out fish after fish. Toward the close of the afternoon Avery went home, having caught all that he wanted, and the other man moved over to Avery's place and began operations there, but with no better success.

In a short time a third fisherman came up, dropped his book into the unused hole, and in a few minutes pulled out a twenty-seven-pound trout. It is fisherman's luck. One man makes a big oatch and another gets nothing. Just how much is skill and how much is due to good or bad fortune it would be difficult to say.

The methods of taking the fish vary with the depth of the water and other conditions. Gill nets are used to some extent, but the greater part of the catch is taken with hook and line or with the spear. The spear can be used only in comparatively shoal water, perhaps ten or fifteen feet or less in depth. It consists of a light but strong pole, sometimes ten or tweivs feet in length, bearing on one end a sort of forg with from three to six sharp these, each time barbed like the point of a fishhook. A light cond is often fastened to it by which it can be drawn back in case the fisherman loses his hold of it in his eagerness to secure the fish. Another pole is sometimes fastened into the ice depth of the water and other conditions. Gill nets are used to some extent, but the greater part of the catch is taken with hook and line or with the spear. The spear can be used only in comparatively shoal water, perhaps ten or fifteen feet or less in depth. It consists of a light but strong pole, sometimes ten or twelvy feet in length, bearing on one end a sort of form with from three to six sharp tines, each tine barbed like the point of a fishhook. A light cord is often fastened to it by which it can be drawn back in case the fisherman loses his hold of it in his eagerness to secure the fish. Another pole is sometimes fastened into the ice bessle the fishing hole, the lower cad, which bears a large hook, being within a short distance of the bottom of the lake. The fisherman resis his spear on the hook until a fish commes within striking distance, when he makes a quick thrus, and the fish is impaled on the sharp prongs and drawn up through the hole in the fee.

In order to distinguish objects beneath the

in order to distinguish objects beneath the water the even must be protected in some way first by setting and. The indians used to disting a blanket over them somewhat after the fashion of the canvas top of a praile schooper. Under this rude shelter the Indian sat or lay in partial derkness and, looking down through the hole which he had chopped in the ice, could see the fish moving about in the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water beneath him almost as plainty as if he was a subject to the clear water he had been and the local begins to weaken in the spring or when the flaternal, wishes to move to another location he puts his house on a large slei and hauls it away. A tiny store is usually placed in each house, for some kind of heart a doubt was a dimost a necessity wher. Sometimes the interior of the little hut, not much larger than a dry goods box, becomes so warm that outer garments are uncomfortable and the fisherman sheds, his coat and arras himself in the dignity of its shirt sleeves.

It is a monotonous occupation. In ordinary anxiling one may at least look about him, but her there is a the coat of the coat on the store of the coat o

FORT POINT'S CROW ROOST

A WOOD WHERE THOUSANDS OF SABLE BIRDS LODGE NIGHTLY. Trees Overweighted with Crows-A Bush-

el Hasketfel Killed at a Single Shot-Wisdom, Caucuses, and Scaulde Trips of the Crows-Scarcerows Out of Date. Norwicz, Jan. 30. In a thick wood on the narrow river promontory at Fort Point, three miles below this city, there is a wonderful roost of crows, probably the second largest of the kind in southern New England. The little forest is unbroken by clearings, and there are no human habitations in its neighborhood, so the multitude of hig black birds that roost there nightly possess the land in peace and security. It is in a rather wild region, seldom visited except by a strolling sportsman, or boys out nutting, and about the only sounds that ever interrupt its wildwood quiet are the random calls of river fishermen. passing in their boats, and the cawing din of

the birds themselves.

A little while before nightfall every day, all the crows of eastern Connecticut, seemingly, to-gether with a few interlopers from the frontier of Rhode Island, begin to gather there, trooping across the darkening sky, far aloft, in flocks or long files, and with here and there's solftary, belated straggler, striving to make up lost time, lumbering on heavily. Before proceeding to roost the steadily massing phalanxes of incoming, ebon-hued lodgers cavort wildly for a time above the treetops, wheeling simlessly in great concentric paths, plunging, diving, in criss-cross or slanting dips, soaring and hovering, filling the country with their din and clamor. But before the steeled gloom of night has enshrouded the forest all the mighty army has finally settled down into its treetops, leading the bouchs so heavily that the whole mass of follage heaves at times in concert with singular undulations, like the rea, and a profound slience ensues. But at irregular intervals all night the bush of the sombre woodland is broken by the note of a drowsy bird, suddenly awakened.

The riverside people of the region are so used to this custom of the crows that they think little of it, for the Fort Point wood has been a roosting place of the birds for years. It is rarely that any one approaches or molests them in their greenwood dormitory. Occasionally a country boy or hunter, impelied by curiosity, invades their haunt in the daytime. According to the reports of random vis.tors, the birds have wrought curious haven in the little wood. The trees there are mainly of oak, chestnut, and maple, with scattered birches, butternuts, and a few evergreens, These, in part, they have literally wrenched limb from limb, through almost incessantly roosting on them, and in some quarters whole groups of trees have been blasted or killed outright by them. The grass and weeds and wood fi wers have been destroyed, and the underbrush, which, as a rule, thrives rankly and lustily in New England woodlands, has shared a similar fate. The floor of the forest is thickly coated with guano, and so, also, are the heavy branches of the trees.

It is believed that the number of crows that nightly frequent the Fort Point wood smount to many thousands, since every tree in the two acres of woodland there is as richly hung with dozing birds as a generous Christmas tree with tors and knick-knacks. Sometimes a curious visitor to the neighborhood or a city youth, on mischief bent, invades the crows' roos! at night, just to stir up the dreaming tenants and listen to their resentful protests. Not long as a Charles Story of this city paid them a nocturnal call. The forest was as dark as midnight; the only sounds that disturbed its stillness was the monotonous b-r-r of night insects and the occasional smothered swoop of a laden tree bough. The presence of an unseen, innumerable roosling caravan just above his head impressed him. Groping his way beneath the sable plume of a giant tree, solid seemingly as jet, he halled a moment. The

giant tree at the feet of Charles Norry.

"I picked up a lease hasketfal of dead cuentry for the short short should be subsequently and the short should be subsequently and the short should be short that the feet of the fe